Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.
Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.
Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet Son.
Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him.
Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all
That Dogge that had his teeth bef
To worrie lambes, and lap their ge
That foule defacer of Gods handy
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to
O vpright, iust, and true disposing
How do I thanke thee, that this car
Preyes on the issue of his mothers
And makes her pue-fellow with ot
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph
God witnesse with me, I haue wep
Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am
And now I cloie me with beholdin
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, becau
Match not the high perfection of
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild
And the beholders of this Tragic
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Va*
Vntimely smoothered in their dus
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intell
Onely reserued their factor to bu
And send them thither, but at ha
Ensues his pitteous, and vupitied
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends r
To haue him suddenly conueyed
Cancell his bond of life deare G
That I may liue to say the Dog i
Qu. O thou didst prophesie t
That I should wish for thee to hel
That botteld spider, that foule hu
Qu. Mar. I cald the then, va
I cald thee then poore shaddow, p
The presentation of, but what I
The flattering index of a direfull
One heau'd a high, to be hurld d
Amother onely, mockt with tw
A dreame of which thou wert, a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)